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EXCELSIOR

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

With Illustrations

BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
1880.

Copyright, 1877.
By JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

List of Illustrations.

ENGRAVED BY A. V. S. ANTHONY.

"The shades of night were falling fast" . . A. R. WAUD.

"A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice" . . W. HOMER.

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath" . . W. HOMER.

"In happy homes he saw the light" . . . . T. MORAN.

"'Try not the Pass!' the old man said" . . A. R. WAUD.

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"The pious Monks of St. Bernard" . . . . CHARLES KENDRICK.

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Convent of St. Bernard . . . . . A. R. WAUD.

"Lifeless, but beautiful he lay" . . . . . W. HOMER.

Tail-Piece . . . . . A. V. S. ANTHONY.

Vignette — Alpine Flowers . . . . . F. T. MERRILL.

EXCELSIOR

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,

As through an Alpine village passed

Excelsior.

A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,

A banner with the strange device,

Excelsior!

Excelsior.

His brow was sad; his eye beneath

Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,

And like a silver clarion rung

The accents of that unknown tongue,

Excelsior!

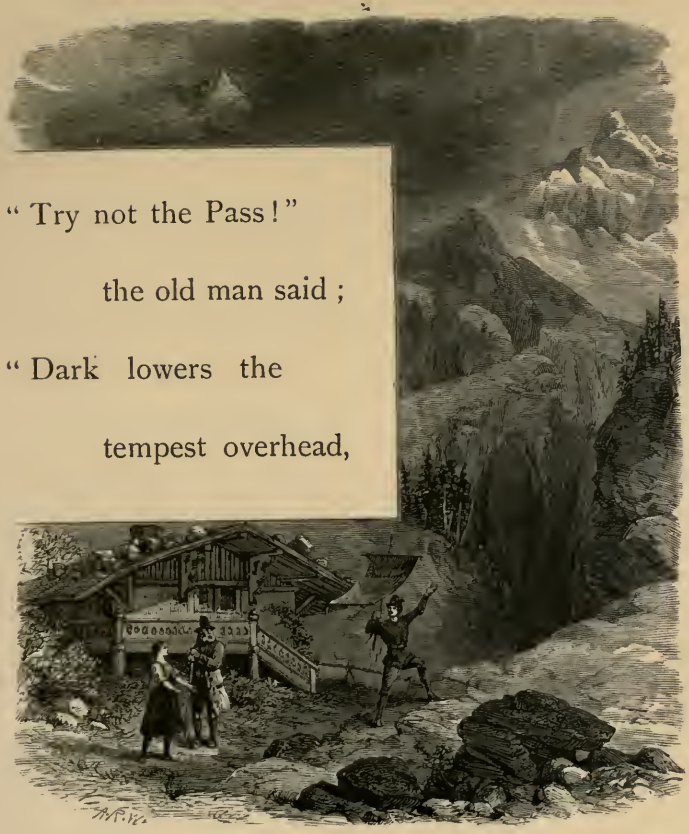
In happy homes he saw the light

Of household fires gleam warm and bright.

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,

And from his lips escaped a groan,

Excelsior!



"Try not the Pass!"
the old man said;
"Dark lowers the
tempest overhead,

The roaring torrent 's deep and wide!"

And loud that clarion voice replied,

Excelsior!

Excelsior.

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest

Thy weary head upon this breast!"

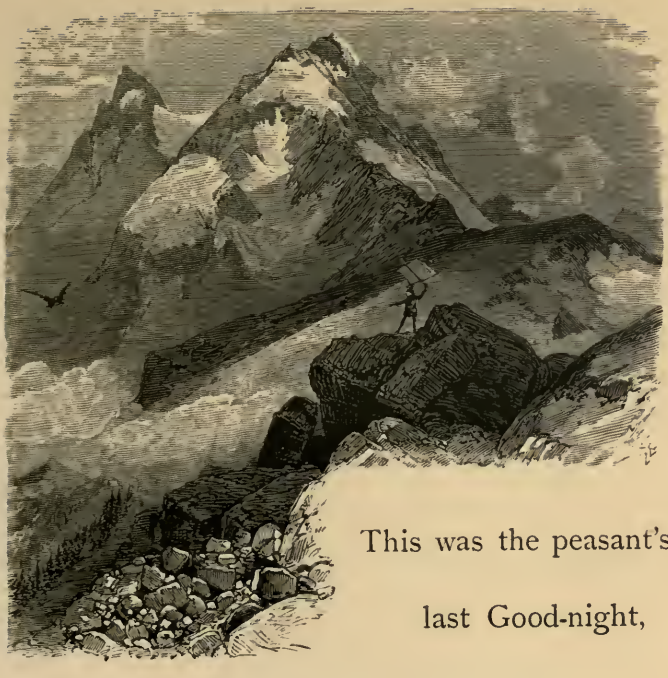
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,

But still he answered, with a sigh,

Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!

Beware the awful avalanche!"



This was the peasant's

last Good-night,

A voice replied far up the height,

Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward

The pious monks of Saint Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,

A voice cried through the startled air,

Excelsior!

Excelsior.

A traveller, by the faithful hound,

Half-buried in the snow was found,

Still grasping in his hand of ice

That banner with the strange device,

Excelsior!

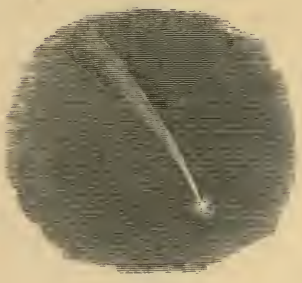
There in the twilight cold and gray,

Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,

And from the sky, serene and far,

A voice fell, like a falling star,

Excelsior!



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